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## Selected Tale.

## THE SECOND WIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

I was married. The final rows had been taken and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agnes Fleming. I was the wife of a widower of thirty-eight, and the step-mother of three children. Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young and ardent lover, such as my childish dreams had pictured I only a second wife!

The reflection was not sweet; nevertheless, it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to my new home. The short wedding tour was ended and we were "home-ward bound." A long ride was still before us, for the village in which Capt. Fleming resided was twenty miles from the last railway station; but he had caused his own carriage to meet us there, so I began fully to realize that we were nearing home.

The road over which we journeyed was level and smooth, and, for a long time, wound close by the bank of a broad river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farmhouse stood, looking cheerful and almost gay in the afternoon sunshine. The whole prospect was rural and very beautiful.

My gloom began to pass away, soothed by the sweet influences of the Summer landscape, and visions of future usefulness began already to float through my brain. I had ample opportunity to indulge in these day dreams, for Captain Fleming, tired with the long ride, had fallen asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and concluded to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine. After weaving for myself a very profitable future, I looked, for a little, upon the past.

Oh that past! Mine had been no gay and pampered childhood; but looking back, I saw, on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness and of sorrow. For four years I had watched a young, beautiful, and gifted brother, as stricken with consumption, he had wasted gradually away. We two were orphans, the last of our race and all in all to each other.

But, at last, I saw him laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him. Not that I became sad and misanthropic. No; life and duty were not dead; and, looking forward, I saw that there was yet much for me to do, perhaps suffer; so I planted sweethearts and violets on Harry's grave, and then went out to act and strive with the rest of the striving world.

About a year after my brother's death, I met Arthur Fleming. I had been so shut out from the world by Harry's sickness that I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I hardly believed I could ever again feel an interest in any one; but Arthur Fleming's kind, genial manner and delicate attentions warmed my heart to a new life. Unconsciously, my whole heart, all the more ardent for its long stillness, was given to this new friend. It was with bitter disappointment that I learned he had already been once married, for I could not bear the thought of a rival, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he asked me to become a mother to his motherless children, I accepted his hand, feeling sure that I would win from him in time an affection as deep and steadfast as my own. His house was lonely, his children poorly protected, and he needed a wife. I had been recommended to him as one who would keep his house in order, and be a suitable companion for his children; after a brief acquaintance he had proposed in due form.

"Almost home!" exclaimed Captain Fleming, rousing himself to look out of the carriage window. The word sent a thrill through me, and I looked eagerly out, through the twilight shadows, to the house we were approaching. It was large, and stood at a distance from the village street, and it seemed to me in a rather desolate situation. Great trees swung their branches over the gateway, and, as we rode between them, the wind made a sighing sound among the leaves. But the lighted lower windows shone cheerfully in the darkness, seeming by their brightness to welcome me home.

Jane Fleming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's death, came to the door to meet us. The moment her cold fingers touched mine I knew there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had entered the lighted parlor, and I had scrutinized her face, I was sure of it. Without a word she stood beside me, while I took off my bonnet and gloves; she carried them away, then as silently walked into the room again, leading the three children. I felt now the chill of her presence upon me.

The three ran into their father's arms, and embraced him affectionately, and, as he carressed them in return, I perceived that there was a fountain of warmth in his heart which, could I reach it, would be

enough to shield me from cold and darkness for ever. This show of passionate fondness made me glad, and, going to his side, I tried to win the notice of the children to myself.

"It is your new mother," said he—"She has come to take care of you when I am gone to sea again. Ellen and May go to your mother."

May, a pretty, blue-eyed child of ten, came shyly toward me, and kissed my cheek; but Ellen, the eldest, merely gave me her hand. Ellen seemed to have imbibed some thing of her aunt's icy manner, for she sat aloof and watched me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head from his father's shoulder, and seeing that May stood by me unharmed, ventured to approach me.

"Come to me Harry!" said Miss Fleming, with a frown.

Was his name Harry? I taught him to my arms and held him closely, so that he could not escape to his jealous aunt; and I thought in my secret heart, that I would make him like the Harry I had lost.

In an instant the feeling that I was a stranger had vanished, my heart had warmed to toward the little one whose sobbing head nestled in my arms. My husband looked pleased and smiled, giving his sister a grateful look; and I observed the shadow of a smile on his lips, but it faded again as she glanced at Ellen.

When the clock struck nine, Miss Jane rose and led the children to their chambers. I had then good night as they went out, but I noticed that Ellen made no answer.

The next morning I made a business of going over the house, and examining its conveniences. The first step upon the broad gloomy staircase, chilled me; but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor again I was almost discouraged. Such a dreary, disorderly house, I never saw. In every chamber the curtains hung over the windows like shrouds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows, and furniture; there was a gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been made a delightful room, seemed like a sepulchre. The furniture, as well as the pictures, was covered with canvas. A locked bookcase stood in a recess, and a locked piano was by the wall. I asked little May, who had kept close beside me all the morning, why this was so.

"Aunt Jane doesn't like music," she said;—"and she keeps the bookcase locked, because she says we must not read books until we are older."

"And why is the furniture all covered?"

"The parlor is scarcely ever opened," answered May. "Aunt Jane wants to keep it nice."

"Well, May," I said, "go now and ask Aunt Jane for the key of the bookcase. I want to see the books."

She ran and quickly returned, followed by Miss Jane, who delivered up the key to me with a dubious kind of grace.

"I hope you will look the bookcase when you have examined the books," said she. "I don't allow the children to spend their time in light reading."

"What are they now reading?" I asked.

"They learn their lessons," she replied shortly.

She disappeared, and I opened the bookcase, which I found to contain a most excellent selection of books. The best poets, the best historians, the best novelists and biographers were there, making a library small, but of rich value. It was the first really pleasing thing I had found in my new home, and I sat an hour or two glancing over one volume after another, and rearranging them on the shelves.

Suddenly, Miss Jane looked in, and in a moment her face was pale with indignation, for there sat little May on the carpet, buried in an old English annual. Miss Jane took two steps forward, and snatching the book out of the child's hand, thrust it on the table, then led her by the shoulder out of the room.

I was much amazed at this government at first; then I sprang up and would have followed her, had not the fear of an outbreak restrained me.

"Softish creature!" I exclaimed, you are trying to make all these children like yourself—ruining them for all good or happiness in life. In Ellen's sullessness and coldness I see the fruit of your labor. Was Arthur Fleming blind when he left his children in your keeping?"

I saw no more of the children until dinner, when, by questioning, I learned that they had been studying all the morning with Miss Fleming. I informed her that I should sit with them in the afternoon, as I wished to see what progress they were making.

them. But my better spirit prevailed over me.

"They are mine now," I thought, "for I am their father's wife, and all his are mine. Their interests must be mine."

After dinner, Miss Jane and the children repaired immediately to the chamber which was used as a schoolroom. A few minutes I followed them, and quietly took a seat at the desk. She was drilling them in arithmetic, sending one after another to the blackboard, and talking all the time in a loud, petulant tone.

"Ellen, if you make such awkward figures, I'll put you back to the beginning of the book. May, will you stand straight, or be sent to bed? Decide now!"

"I cannot understand this sum, Aunt Jane," sighed May.

"Sit down then until you can."

"Do you not explain what they can not understand?" I asked.

"All that is necessary," she replied.

"May could understand her sums, if she attended to me."

An hour passed, during which May silently hung her head over her slate, and played with her pencil. Miss Jane offering no explanation. Harry alternately counted, with his fingers, the buttons on his jacket and marks of a knife upon his desk.

Ellen, whose strong mind received knowledge almost intuitively, studied her less on quietly and without difficulty. Presently she gave her book to her aunt, and recited her lesson perfectly.

"Very well, Ellen," said Miss Jane.

"You may go into the garden and amuse yourself."

"Do they not play together?" I inquired with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitary, needless exercise.

"Not unless they learn their lessons equally well," she answered. "Harry! If I live, the boy is going to sleep! Stand in the corner, Harry, until you are awake."

Harry colored and went to the corner, rubbing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the harshness of the treatment, which prevailed in this school. I was growing frightened at the work before me, fearful that Jane Fleming had sown more tares than my weak hands could ever root out.

Seeing that Harry was crying, I went to him in his corner.

"Go away!" he sobbed, when I laid my hands on his head. "Go away. You are not my mother!"

I made no reply to this, but asked him why he cried.

"Because I am tired," he answered.

"And you and Aunt Jane won't let me set down?"

"I and Aunt Jane, Harry?"

"Yes," he sobbed out. "Aunt Jane says you are come here to live always, and will make me mind you."

"It is not true, Harry," I whispered.

"I love you, and want you to love me. Won't you love me darling?"

But he only thrust out his little hand suddenly, and turned his face away from me.

Jane now came forward, and I turned from the child with a sigh of disappointment.

"But I will be patient," I said to myself. "They have been taught to fear and dread me; I cannot at once make them love me."

The next morning Captain Fleming left for a six months' voyage in his new bark, the May Fleming. His parting with the children was most tender and affectionate, even fearful—with me it was kind.

After he was gone, I stole up to my room, and spent the morning in bitter weeping and sadness. What would become of me, if I should fail in trying to make myself beloved by his children—if their hearts were irrevocably sealed against me? Would not his own grow gradually colder and colder toward me? Fearful prospect!

## CHAPTER II.

I heard a soft rap at my door, and little May entered. She, too, had been crying, and when she saw traces of tears on my face, she came gently up to me, and crept into my lap.

"Do you love father, too?" she asked, in her frank simple manner.

"Yes, darling, I love him," I answered, "and I want to love you all, and be loved by you—Now he has gone, I am very sad and lonely. Will you not love me, May?"

The child kissed me gravely, but did not reply to the question.

Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner," she said, slipping from my arms.

When we had finished this lonely meal, and the children and Jane had gone up stairs to the afternoon lessons, I visited one or two rooms which had attracted my observation the day before. One was the attic chamber, where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine. Some soiled, some with broken frames, but which on examination I found worthy to be rubbed up and newly framed. One especially won my admiration. It was a portrait of a young and beautiful woman. The soft auburn hair and hazel eyes were lovely, and the features though not expressive of any great energy or depth of character, were faultlessly regular.

I heard some one passing in the hall, and opened the door to ask some questions about these pictures. It was Ellen.

"Are you busy, Ellen?" I asked, "if not, I wish you would come here a moment."

Ellen looked surprised, but followed me without any reply.

(Concluded next week)

## Secrets of the Past-Reg.

Far, far down, in the depths of the moon there lies many a secret of olden time. Below the grim, ghastly surface, below the waters, below the black remnants of countless plants, lie the sad memorials of ages unknown to the history of man.

Huge trees stand upright, and their gigantic roots rest upon the crowns or still older forest giants! In the inverted oaks of Marten Moor, in Switzerland, many see the famous oak woods that Charlemagne caused to be cut down, now more than a thousand years ago. For centuries the moors have hid in their silent bosoms the gigantic works of ancient Rome, and posterity has gazed with wonder at the masterly roads and massive bridges, like those built of imperishable wood by Germanicus, when he passed from Holland into the valley of the Weser. Far, in the deep, lie buried in the stone, hatched and flint arrow heads of Frisians and Cheruski, by the side of the copper kettle and iron helmet of the Roman soldier. A Phoenician ship was found of late, and alongside of it a host of broken bricks.

The skeletons of antediluvian animals rest there peacefully by the cores of ancient trees with sandals on their feet and the skin of animals around their naked bodies. Hundreds of brave English horsemen, who sought an honorable death in the battle of Sluys, were swallowed up, horses and man, by the inevitable moor. And in years bygone, a Danish King Harold, called the Blue Tooth, slurred with foul treachery a fair princess of Norway, Gashilda, to Iceland. She came, and she vanished from the memory of man. History had forgotten her, tradition had even begun to fade, but the poet-lawyer opened his long-closed lips, and accused, late but loud, the bloody king of his wicked deed. The poor princess was found far below the peat, strangled and tied to a post, where her merciless foe had buried her, as he thought for ever, in the deep. It is a strange and most mysterious charm that lives in the shadows of olden days for the careful observer.

## Don't Overtask the Young Bride.

Dr. Robertson says the minds of children ought to be little, if at all, tasked till the brain's development is nearly completed, or until the age of six or seven years. And will those years be wasted; or will the future man be more likely to be deficient in mental power than one who is differently treated? Those years will not be wasted. The great book of nature is opened to the infant, and the child's prying investigation, and from nature's page may be learned more useful information than is contained in all the children's books that have ever been published. But even supposing these years to have been absolutely lost, which is anything but the case, will the child eventually be a loser thereby? We contend, with our author, that he will not.

Task the mind during the earlier years, and you only expose the child to a greater risk of a disordered brain—not only, it may be, lay the foundation for a morbid excitability of brain, that may one day end in insanity—but you delaminate its bodily powers, and by so doing, to all intents and purposes, the mind will be a loser in its powers and capabilities.

It is not an uncommon occurrence, that the buoyant spirits, glowing with youthful vigor, turns a deaf ear to the voice of discreet though judicious age. It is not apt to heed the moderation of advanced age, but seeks a communion with more sanguine hopes and congenial aspirations, in a more active element. Nevertheless the young need the direction of serious counsel derived from long experience. Still, let nothing dampen, but simply chasten, modify, and direct the youthful ardor. They both, the young, are necessary to the general prosperity of any society; the aged to propose, the young to execute, plans of usefulness. This is their respective province and their glory. Let the young but reverse and listen to the mature judgement of the old, and the latter will with tender forbearance, instruct the former, and reciprocal honors will freely flow even through the difference of age.

## How eagerly and cheerfully do all things proceed, when each act their appropriate part upon the stage of life! The one is but the necessary companion of the other, to give beauty, variety, and glory to the whole scene of life.

Love me Little Love me Long. All permanent affections and principles naturally gain their stronghold upon the heart by a gradual operation and process. It is so with lasting friendship. It requires habitual converse and communion, not sudden and unrequited approaches, nor violent infusions into the heart of man.

How slow is the natural growth of the sturdy oak or elm, daring to outweather the storms and blasts and even two centuries! Thus it is with the permanent principle of love. It entwines its cords most slowly around the fibres of the heart. It is not a sudden swell or burst of passion. It is the reverse of those violent emotions, which seldom last long. It is in many respects like the longevity of man, reared by regular, uniform habits of life. It is not a mere cold and formal affection, but true, sincere love, constant alike through seasons of adversity and prosperity. In the end, it is found to have exhibited more strength and even warmth, than all those periodical and rapturous expressions of passion. Surely this maxim is no less true than "Hot love is soon cold."

## Gracious Impatience.

A little girl, not three years of age, while her father was engaged in prayer becoming no doubt weary at the length of the exercise, and happily recollecting how it always terminated, suddenly shouted out, "Amen." After waiting a moment or two, and observing that this proved ineffectual, she repeated with more emphasis, "Amen." By this time a smile was creeping over the father's countenance, and noticing that he hesitated a little, and betrayed a manifest effort to proceed with his devotion, she pleasantly added, "Pa, can't you say it?" It is needless to say that the length of the prayers was much shortened.

Sympathy for the Perishing. During a heavy storm of the coast of Spain, a dismantled merchantman was observed by a British frigate, drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were upon her, and a canvas shelter on the deck, almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. So the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat put off, with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men, through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout—and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the leeward of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shriveled, as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather around it; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—matters in a deep, sepulchral voice—"There is another man." Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech, was to seek to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson; be daily practicing it.

## Historical.

## MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1677.

ent, and such as own, acknowledge, and obey the laws of this colony, and that shall give and yield, all obedience unto the same, shall and may as they see occasion re-settle themselves and families in their aforepossession rights and habitations, and for further encouragement of the settlement of the said lands this court doth declare that they will give unto the inhabitants of this jurisdiction, ten thousand acres of land, in the Narragansett or King's province, to be equally divided amongst one hundred men, such as the court shall approve of, and in such place or places as shall not in any way intrude upon the just rights of any other man; and furthermore it is hereby declared, that if any member of the colony, or members thereof, shall at any time be molested, or disquieted by any pretence, from any colony, or members thereof, as to patent right, or jurisdiction of said land, that this authority will forthwith make application to his sacred majesty. And further, this Assembly doth strictly prohibit and forbid, any person or persons upon any pretence whatever to settle on, or enter into any land in the Narragansett country or King's province, except such as shall make their address unto the general colony, for their approbation, and shall accordingly comply with such laws and orders as shall from time to time be enacted by said court, for the good and peaceable government of those parts.

Voted, that Sergeant John Spencer, Sergeant Thomas Nichols with them named, are to be first accommodated out of the ten thousand acres of land in the Narragansett country.

A petition was presented to this assembly to change the market, or fair day, in Newport, from Saturday to some other day in the week, viz. Thursday and Saturdays. Thus it appears that the English custom of assigning regular times and places for buying, selling and exchanging goods was practiced by the people of this colony according to the customs which they had been used to in England.

The following order, or letter of the Governor and Council sent before this assembly convened, was placed to record as follows:—

"Gentlemen, we received your letter three days after it was dated; we have been as quick and industrious as possible we could, that you might receive all suitable encouragement; that as you continue true to your engagement to this colony, and upon that account are kept prisoners, we shall equally bear your charges of imprisonment, and with all expedition address ourselves to his majesty for relief. This General Assembly being very near, which may make further conclusions for this purpose. Nothing else at present but remain your friends.

By order of the Council  
JOHN COGGESHALL, Secretary.  
Newport, April 21, 1678.

To Mr. Thomas Gould, Mr. James Rogers, and the rest that were carried away prisoners to Hartford, in Connecticut Colony. These present with care.

Voted, This Assembly taking into serious consideration the late intrusion made into this jurisdiction by the colony of Connecticut; and having perused a letter sent to them, by the late council, April 21, 1676, wherein they declare that they shall with all expedition address themselves to his majesty for relief. Likewise intimating, the General Assembly being very near, might make further conclusions for the purpose; having written thereon to Connecticut colony, and received no satisfactory answer, do see an absolute necessity of furthering the said application to his Majesty; and for that end and purpose will choose two agents."

Voted, that Capt. Peleg Sanford, and Mr. Richard Bailey, are desired and chosen to be agents for this colony, to go for England, and live there in this Assembly accepted thereof."

Voted, That our chosen agents; Capt. Peleg Sanford, and Mr. Richard Bailey, shall upon that employ have the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, New England money, or other equivalent, for their present supply, in order to their making their address on behalf of this colony unto his majesty; and that for the future, this colony will supply and assist them in all matters requisite in that behalf, and also repay what further they shall disburse on this colony's account during the time of their agency."

The assembly adjourned, and met again, June 11th, at the house of Robert Carr. A committee was appointed to procure an advance of money from the individual inhabitants of Newport and Portsmouth, to furnish the agents appointed to go to England. The other towns were not called upon on this occasion. A

The number of slaves imported into Port  
Kings during the last nine years, is computed  
at one thousand and twenty-three thousand

do not plant in the vicinity of Dourah corn, late corn, nor broom corn, as it mixes free these plants and will render the seed unfit for use.

gentlemen, but we had not previously been aware how far they carried the cultivation of their literary tastes.

requiring a hands-on time to clear her; in doing which Capt. McFarland estimates that he threw overboard one hundred tons of ice!

A town in Orange county, New York, living a man and his wife who have spoken together for eight years. They spin one bed, take their meals at one table and shed not the slightest anger to another. The only reason for their obdurate silence is that each is too proud to ask first.

**THE VOICE OF ISRAEL:** is the title of a weekly advocate of the Hebrews in San Francisco. It had attained, within three months, a circulation of two thousand copies. There are thirty thousand Hebrews and ten synagogues in the state of California.

company of about thirty persons has formed in Middleboro', Mass., to migrate to Minnesota in the ensuing fall.

Persons who propose to visit New York during the prevalence of *garroting*, should carry a brace of revolvers and a poinard.

every footman, and every footman who puts

### Motion of the Player

horror.—I permit me, through your paper, to present to you an exact motion of the planet like the sun, makes a daily revolution earth from east to west, in about four hours two minutes and twenty seconds. Consequently, the sun will see Venus and pass her in about five hundred and eighty-four days and forty-eight minutes extra; therefore, constitutes the age of Venus, which is never above one hundred and eighty degrees from the sun. But on the contrary, about forty-seven degrees in the other side of the sun. The reason of this is, because the planet

showing Our earth being located in the centre of the universe, and being positioned in the centre of the stars, and being 100 miles or one degree a day on its axis from west to east, and completing one revolution on its centre in 240 hundred and sixty days. We are told that the sun is in the centre of the heavens, not only revolving around the earth in this time, but also revolving around the sun in two hundred and twenty days, and a fraction farther on the axis of our earth. For this reason, Venus can never be seen by the naked eye, as it is always between the earth more than about forty

tion, why Sir Isaac Newton's theory that the planets revolved about the sun. And it was a very strong demonstration, for, had the earth made a revolution on its axis daily, as Newton when we reflect that this earth is but sixty miles or one degree to east, and thereby demonstrates a revolution of longitude. The whole is changed, and the planet Venus, makes their daily revolution about the earth, in their

tion of these facts to prepare  
and mighty revolution in the  
of Astronomy. We, sir, have  
and for centuries on this  
and the most sublime of all  
sir, have, in the imagination  
and off at the rate of nearly seven  
per hour with this earth in its  
the sun of five hundred and  
or miles, which is about one  
five times as fast as a cannon  
discharge, to carry out their  
tion, and the great errors of the  
ry. We now settle down upon

ing along at the rate of two inches per hour. The old earth makes its annual orbit about the sun in its natural laws of motion. It is sixty miles or one degree a day, and a side pull of twenty-two miles north and south, back and forth, which gives the sea time to summer and winter, and six months in the north and south regions makes its daily revolutions, a year at all seasons of the year, a hundred and thirty-two thousand miles, the center of the earth is the

**Fire! Fire!! Fire!**  
THE SUBSCRIBER would call the public to the celebrated *OFF*, which he is now preparing for improvement. This story by all to be the very best and most to the public. It gives a manner like heart and is the most of the kind. These stories are of the

**Coal Under Cover**  
THE SUBSCRIBER having  
himself (for the benefit of his  
anonymous shade, takes pleasure in  
the public that he will be per-  
son free from snow, water and  
other qualities of coal with out  
any supplied through the winter  
and a saving of 50 cents per

**Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods.** THE INCREASING demand for Caps and Furnishing Goods, I encourage my store by which I am able to supply you with the latest fashions. Call soon with this ad and you are at liberty to purchase at a great discount. I will assure you a good trade.

Oct 11 J. H. GOZZINS, D.

**Commissioners' List**  
THE SUBSCRIBERS having  
by the Hon. Court of Probate  
received and examined the claims  
made out, against the estate  
of  
**ROWLAND G. WELLS**  
deceased, and  
on 19th day of November 1856  
admitted to payment the same,  
in the office of John W. Foster  
on the 7th day of December

and the Sunday of May, 1857, at  
their respective homes.

SAMUEL STERNER  
JOHN W. DAVIS,  
GEORGE C. SHAW

Jan 17—6w

*Court of Probate, Newport, J.*  
G. & G. I COOK, executor,  
and testament of  
HENRY J. HUDSON  
late of Newport, deceased, and his  
will, present their account

of, of Nancy Allen of Newport,  
 the same is required: a reference  
 to a Court of Probate to  
 City Clerk's office in Newport,  
 6th day of February next, at  
 which is ordered to be given  
 successive weeks in the *Newport*  
 Jan 24 BB HOWLAND  
 Court of Probate, Newport,  
 G. & G. I. COOK, executor  
 and testament of  
 HENRY J. REDD  
 of Newport, in the County of Washington, State of Rhode Island.

de of NEWPORT, a criminal accus-  
ed, account of his estate for all  
ount contains credits for proce-  
Estate of said Hudson, made by  
the same is received and refer-  
to a Court of Probate to be  
City Clerk's Office, Newport, on  
day of February next, at 10 o'clock  
ordered to be given there at  
weeks in the *Newport Mercury*.  
Jan. 24 B. B. HOWLAND

**ELIZABETH RICH**  
 late of Newport, single woman  
 his administration account on  
 allowance; the same is receive  
 consideration to a Court of Prob  
 at the City Clerk's office. New  
 the 16th day of February next.  
 Notice is ordered to be give  
 successive weeks in the *Newport*  
 Jan 27 BB HOWLAND

*Court of Probate, Newport, J*

**A**N INSTRUMENT in writing, dated April 1855, purporting to be the last will and Testament of *HANNAH F. G.* late of Newport, widow deceased by the executor therein named, for letters testamentary thereon received and referred for consideration to the Probate Court of the County of Providence, to be held at the City of Newport, on Monday the 21st next, at 10 o'clock A. M. Notice is hereby given that three copies of the *Newport Mercury* that all persons interested at said time and place may appear.

Jan 31 B B HOWLAND

*Court of Probate, Little Compton*  
**A**N INSTRUMENT in and to be the last will and testament of  
*JEREMIAH B. COMPTON*  
late of Little Compton, deceased, for probate, and that letters be granted to Thomas Briggs named. The same is received for consideration to a Court of Probate at the office of the clerk of said

day the 9th day of February  
P. M. Notice is ordered to  
three successive weeks in t  
HENRY M. TOMP  
Jan 31.

